Hell. That he haue his, call vp some Gentlemen.

2. *Sayl.* Ho Gentlememen my Lord cals,

Enter two or three Gentlemen.

1. *Gent.* Doth your Lordship call;

Hell. Gentlemen, there is some of worth wold come aboard, I pray greet them fairely.

Enter Lysimachus.

1. *Sayl.* Sir, this is the man that can in ought you would, resolue you.

Lys. Haile reuerent sir, the Gods preserue you.

Hell. And you to out-liue the age I am, and die as I would doe.

Lys. You wish me well; being on shore, honoring of *Neptunes* triumphs, seeing this goodly vessell ride before vs, I made to it, to know of whence you are.

Hell. First, what is your place?

Lys. I am the Gouernor of this place, you lie before.

Hell. Sir, our vessel's of *Tyre*, in it the King, a man, who for this three months hath not spoken to any one, nor taken sustenance, but to prolong his griefe.

Lys. Vpon what ground is this distemperance?

Hell. It would be to tedious to repeate, but the maine griefe springs from the losse of a beloued dsughter and a wife.

Lys. May we not see him?

Hell. You may, but bootlesse is your sight, he will not speake to any.

Lys. Let me obtaine my wish.

Hell. Behold him this was a goodly person, till the disaster that one mortall wight droue him to this.

Lys. Sir King, all haile, the Gods preserue you, haile royall Sir.

Hell. It is in vaine, he will not speake to you.

Lord. Sir, we haue a maid in *Metaline*, I durst wager would win some words of him.

Lys. 'Tis well be thought, she questionlesse with her sweete harmony, and other chosen attractions, would allure and make a battrie through his defended part, which now are mid-way

stopt, she is all happy, as the fairest of
now vpon the leuie shelter that abutt

Hell. Sure all effectlesse, yet not
recoueries name. But since your kind
farre, let vs beseech you, that for our g
on, wherein we are not destitute for
stalenesse.

Lys. O sir, a courtesie, which if we
God for euery graffe would send a
our Prouince: yet once more let mee
the cause of your Kings sorrow.

Hell. Sit sir, I will recount it to you;

Enter Marin

Lys. O heere's the Lady that I sent
welcome faire one: Is not a goodly pr

Hell. Shee's a gallant Lady.

Lys. Shee's such a one, that were I w
Came of a gentle kinde and noble stock
Ide wish no better choise, and thinke m
Faire and all goodnesse that consists in
Expect euen heere, where is a kingly p
If that thy prosperous and artificiall fa
Can draw him but to answer thee in o
Thy sacred Physicke shall receiue such
As thy desires can wish.

Mar. Sir, I will vse my vttermost sk
ded, that none but I and my compani
come neere him.

Lys. Come, let vs leaue her, and the
rous. *The*

Lys. Mark the your musicke?

Mar. No, not lookt on vs.

Lys. See, she will speake to him.

Mar. Haile sir, my Lord, lend eare.

Per. Hum, ha.

Mar. I am a maid, my Lord, that ner
haue beene gazed on like a Comet: sh

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